

# City of Demons

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Summary: When a division of Covenant warriors lands off the coast of California near Los Angeles, it's up to a brave battalion of Elite, Specially Trained Marines to hold off the Alien assault long enough for ONI to complete it's 'Secret Weapon'. Ch. 2 is up!

## 1. Default Chapter

Author's Note: I do not own Halo or any content from Halo, including weapons, vehicles, etc.

><br>Secondary Author's Note: This is my first story on this site, but not my first story. I used to post stories on a different website under the name Nick Kang. I realize this story may become somewhat confusing, what with all the rule breaks and everything, but please R & R.

><br>\_\*\*City of Demons Chapter 1: Three Lives, One Battle.

><strong>\_

><strong>2367 HOURS (HUMAN MILITARY TIME)-MARCH 24TH, 2553 (HUMAN MILITARY CALENDAR)-METRO LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.-78TH INFANTRY BATTALION (MERGED)-DEFENSE OF L.A.<br>\*\*

\* \* \*

>The sky was overcast, dominated by an endless field of gray clouds. Rain continuously poured from above in buckets, turning the dirt-filled, crater- ridden streets into mud. Lightning occasionally flashed across the sky and illuminated the dark silhouettes of 'Pelican' dropships as they soared across the sky in a never-ending flow to re-enforce the frontline. Thunder crackled overhead, and added even more drama to the sounds of gunshots that echoed from miles away.<br>

>As he stood at his post along the south wall of the UNSC fort <strong>CASTLE III<strong> and surveyed the broken, battered sea of brick and metal buildings, Corporal James Tolk wondered why this Godforsaken city was called the 'City of Angels'. The chipped and battered structures looked more like Hell spawned Devils rising from

below than former business offices and residential tenements. There wasn't even a fucking Angel in sight, mentally or physically.

\* \* \*

><em>The Covenant had landed in Japan, brushed aside the island country's defenses in a single week, and had set up a Headquarters there. Similar operations had been carried out on Hawaii, Madagascar, and the Fiji Islands. Islands were the perfect places to set up major military strongholds, as the enemy would either have to travel by water or air, two positions that were easy to fend off.<br>>Once the HQ in Japan had been set up, the bases deployed huge Hoverdecks, similar to aircraft carriers, except five times the size of one. The Hoverdecks glided right over the water, bringing an entire division of infantry with them, and several squadrons of both Banshees and Phantoms. The Hoverdecks also had carried dozens of vehicles, ranging from light vehicles such as Ghosts, to heavy ones such as Wraith mortar tanks. Four such Hoverdecks had landed off the coast of California, right inside outer L.A. From there they had deployed thousands upon thousands of Covenant warriors into the city.<br>\_

\* \* \*

>Tolk watched the Pelican dropships flit through the dark sky for several minutes before retrieving a cigarette from his side pouch and closing his teeth around it. He lit a Strike-Anywhere match against the stone wall of <strong>CASTLE III<strong> and shielded the flame with his free hand, touching the warm orange glow to the paper end of his cigarette. He flicked the match away and stepped on it to smother the flame before inhaling deeply from the cigarette and blowing out the gray smoke. The smoke was short-lived, however, as a fat drop of rain splashed onto the cigarette, putting out the front embers and bringing Tolk back to the current situation. He hated this goddamn place.

\* \* \*

>Private Nicholas Remear sat down on an empty supply crate and rubbed his sleep-deprived eyes. He had been on patrol around <strong>CASTLE III<strong> for five hours...and had wasted five hours of his two year-long military career. The only thing that he was looking forward to now was the quick two-hour sleep he would soon get before going back on patrol. There was a shortage of men, since most of them were up at the frontline. That meant that each soldier had to pull three times his or her weight, an attribute that Remear wasn't too fond of.

><br>Stretching his worn-out legs, Remear stood up and continued walking, his MA7B 'Battle Rifle' hanging limply from his shoulder by its leather strap. He stepped into a sodium-powered streetlight and squinted against the sudden surge of ghostly yellow illumination. He stood for a moment and listened to the battle that was taking place place two miles away, towards the outskirts of Metro Los Angeles.

\* \* \*

><em>Once the Covenant had landed inside L.A., they had spread out in a three- pronged offensive, and had totally and completely wiped out the outer cities. Contact with <strong>STRONGHOLD I<strong>, \*\*II\*\*, and \*\*III\*\* had been lost, as had contact with \*\*FORTRESS II\*\* and

**\*\*IV.\*\*** The rest of the bases were busy either attempting to fight off the alien invaders, or were falling back across the state border to the bases in Las Vegas. **\*\*CASTLE III\*\*** had sent the bulk of its forces up several miles to soften up the 2000-Warrior Covenant Cell before the aliens reached the base, where the defenders would be able to chew them out before taking their wounded to Las Vegas and fortifying another base there.

><em>

\* \* \*

>As rain spattered the ground and bounced off Remear's ballistic helmet with tinny clicks, the young Private asked God why he had been stationed in this Hellhole of a city.<hr>**\_FRONTLINE: TWO MILES FROM CASTLE III\*\***

><em>

>Lance Corporal Ashley Bennet swiveled the steering wheel of the Warthog, bashing into the skull of a surprised Grunt. Bright blue blood spattered the windshield. "There's one way to save ammo!" Private Lindon yelled from the gunner platform amid the screams and gunshots; "Nice one, ma'am." He finished. Bennet grinned and swerved to give Lindon an angle to take down a Cobalt- armored Elite. The gunner squeezed the firing stud of the LAAG and ripples in the creature's shield marked the bullets' impact sites. The silvery barrier popped seconds later, and the Elite bellowed a battle cry right before taking four bullets in the face. Purple blood spurted from the pockmarks as the alien's near-headless body flopped into the mud.<br>

>A wall of Jackals had formed up around a small convoy of slow-moving Covenant Creep transports. Bennet plowed into the living barrier and felt the 'Hog shake as the LAAG rapidly spat out round after round at the buses. She caught a glimpse of the turret on one of the Creeps swivel around to face her, the Grunt manning it lining the LRV up in the targeting stud. The Corporal frowned and was about to point it out to Lindon when a rocket screeched out of nowhere and blew the turret off the transport. The Grunt screamed and fell beneath the Warthog. Seconds later, two more rockets screamed through the rain and pounded into the back of the rear Creep, totally destroying it. A blossom of fire ballooned inside the vehicle and the entire outer hull exploded, showering the Warthog with body parts and hot metal. Through the smoke and dwindling flames of the wreckage, Bennet made out the figures of a pair of Marine PFCs saluting from behind a boulder, SPNKR SSM Jackhammer rocket launchers hanging from their shoulders. She returned the salute and swerved to have another pass at the Creeps.<br>

>Lindon had been able to destroy one of the anti-gravity pods mounted under the lead transport, and it fell backwards and carved a gash into the soaked ground, which quickly filled back up with mud. Lindon opened fire on the disabled bus and was rewarded as it exploded and sent debris over a ten- yard radius, trapping a dazed Grunt beneath a red-hot chunk of metal.<br>

>The two launcher-toting Privates quickly destroyed the third and last bus with a salvo of rockets and ran off to tackle a Brute that was crusading through a line of Marines. Bennet watched them run through the rain and mud, and when she looked back out the front window, a pair of Hunters stood hunched, blocking her path, their fuel rod cannons already charged and ready to fire. <p><em>Chapter 2 coming soon!<em>

## 2. City of Demons ch 2: One way street

Author's Note: I do not own Halo or Bungie.

Sorry for the wait...I just moved, so I've been pretty busy. This one might seem kinda rushed since I haven't had much time...\*\*\*\*

\* \* \*

><strong>City of Demons<strong>

\*\*Ch. 2\*\*

Corporal Tolk sighed and flicked his smoldered cigarette into the rainy darkness, watching as it twirled a fine trail of gray-white smoke through the air. He rubbed his eyes, grimacing, and stepped into a bath of yellow light, emanating from a sodium lamp overhead. He squinted, sighed, and continued his patrol around the outer wall. His boots clicked on the rubble-and-crater strewn sidewalk, adding to the constant pitter-patter of rain drops as they impacted the street.

A sudden movement caught his eye. It was nothing big; a mere shift in the shadow cast by a twisted and bent metal plate that had impaled the street and dug in. Tolk froze, squinting into the darkness. A glint. A quick flash of reflected light, most likely from the sodium lamp, went off several feet away from where the movement had been. The next thing that happened caused Tolk's stomach to twist into several knots, and his heart leapt into his throat. Right in the same spot as the movement, a small green ball of light quickly formed out of the darkness. It almost resembledâ€"Tolk gaspedâ€"An overcharged plasma pistol!

"Alarm!" Tolk shrieked into the night. Spotlights immediately activated with hollow \_thud\_s, and an alarm klaxon rang from somewhere within \*\*CASTLE III\*\*. Right at that exact moment, there were hundreds of thick, dense \_clicks\_, and a matching number of oval-shaped, blue and yellow energy shields winked on in the night. Tolk cried out and dove for cover just as the overcharged plasma bolt sailed overhead and carved a divot into the stone wall. Dozens of Elite battle cries echoed into the night, and the sounds of Grunts barking and squeaking accompanied them.

Tolk quickly got up and sprinted towards the main gate as a volley of blue and green plasma bolts shot towards him. He got past, but just barely. He could feel heat blisters grow and pop on his back. The pain was unlike anything he had ever felt before, but he kept on running. He rounded the corner of the wall, and skidded to a halt. In front of him was a gold Elite, a Beam Rifle clutched confidently in it's hands. Out of the darkness stepped a pair of Grunts, needlers strapped to their red-armored sides.

Tolk reached for a grenade, but his hand grasped air. He looked back. His grenade bandoleer was laying on the ground several feet away, fragmentation grenades scattered all around it. He turned back to see that the Grunts had unholstered their needlers, and purple slivers of light were beginning to travel down the shaft of the Elite's beam rifle, where they interlocked into in to a glowing ball. The Elite began cackling, a guttural, booming drumbeat in the night air. The horrendous laughing, however, was drowned out by three quick cracks

of sniper rifles. The two Grunts' heads exploded, showering the Elite's gold armor with blue blood, and the huge alien's shields flared. It grunted and looked up, just in time for a sniper round to crash through it's shields and dig into it's face.

Following the white vapor trail upwards, Tolk landed his eyes on three dark silhouettes on top of the wall, who gave him a thumbs-up. Tolk sighed and returned the gesture.

\* \* \*

>Private Remear ran, dodging a stray plasma bolt, and fired a burst from his battle rifle into the horde of Jackals. He heard one cry out, clearly wounded, and ran harder. Despite the cool, misty night air, Remear felt warm sweat break out on his forehead. He leapt over a dead gold Elite, stepped over a pair of dead Grunts, and bolted behind the slightly ajar gate as a barrage of needles stitched a path into the stone. The cracks of sniper fire and the staccato rattle of mounted chainguns drowned out the sound of rain, as well as the painful cries and shrieks from the Covenant legions on the ground.<p><p>

With a groaning squeak, the main gate pulled itself closed and barred any intruders from getting within the compound.

\* \* \*

>Lance Corporal Bennet yanked the steering wheel of the Warthog hard to the left, praying that the tires would be able to grip the mud long enough for the vehicle to evade the fuel rod blasts that would surely come from the two dug-in Hunters. The front tires gripped the wet earth, but the back tires slid in a large fishtail and impacted one of the two hulking aliens. The creatures stumbled backwards and fell, releasing it's powered-up weapon into the sky. The green orb lazily drifted higher and higher until it fizzled out some one hundred meters above the ground.<p><p>

Bennet heard the LAAG turret swivel and rattle as Private Lindon opened fire on the second Hunter. Bullets danced and ricocheted off the alien's armor plating, few slugs finding the weak breaks in the protective covering. The few times when the rounds did find those spots, geysers of orange blood shot up from the walking tank's flesh. It fired it's fuel rod cannon, the green blast impacted the ground near the back of the Warthog and detonated in a chartreuse mist. Bennet felt the back of the 'Hog lift up slightly, and the right side left the ground, rearing the Warthog up and flipping it over.

Bennet braced herself against the chair and brought her head to her chest as the top of the Warthog splashed into the mud. She heard Lindon scream before she blacked out.

Total blackness. Nothing else. She could still think...still feel pain...

Bennet awoke to the sight of a pair of UNSC Medics crouched over her prone form. One of them held a small capsule of smelling salts, while the other had a roll of medical tape clenched tightly in his gloved hands. Her vision blurred, went out of focus, and cleared again. The Medics were suddenly gone; she realized it was morning. The sun peeked out over the burned and scarred remains of office buildings

and apartments, showering the muddy and bloody ground with warm yellow light. Far away, the sounds of mortars and automatic fire speckled the morning air. She got up from the muddy ground and looked around. A battered Transport-Hog was parked several feet away, where three men were passing around a cigarette. Two of them were the Medics that had been standing over her earlier. The third was a man she had never seen before. He was dressed in Marine battleplate, with an M6D strapped to his hip. A submachine gun dangled loosely from a leather strap around his shoulder.

She sat up. None of them noticed. Looking around, Bennet dropped her gaze on something. Something horrible. It was **\*\*CASTLE III\*\***. It was aflame.

End  
file.